

# WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

DAVID FULTON, Editor.

OUR COUNTRY, LIBERTY, AND GOD.

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AND  
DAVID FULTON

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THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE FOR 1845.

EDITED BY JOHN INMAN & ROBERT A. WEST.

Prospectus for the Second Year.

At the close of his second volume, the Magazine having been commenced on the first of January, 1844, the publisher finds himself irresistibly called on to express the satisfaction and gratitude with which he has been filled by the brilliant and unexampled success that has attended his endeavors to win the public favor. Notwithstanding the difficulties, disappointments and vexations that almost invariably follow the establishment of a new periodical, in the production of which there must be the harmonious co-operation of many head and many hands—notwithstanding occasionally short-comings, especially in the pictorial department, which no care or diligence could avert and no expenditure prevent, the *Columbian Magazine* has gone on steadily increasing in support and popularity from the opening number, and if the unthought unsolicited testimony of the press may be received as unswayed by partiality and unbiassed by friendship, the efforts of contributors and editor have been satisfactory to the public and accepted as fulfilling the promises made for them at the commencement of the enterprise.

The publisher undertook the work with a firm conviction that the great city of New York was the best and the true home for a magazine of general literature; that notwithstanding the failure of many previous attempts to establish such a work, there could be no impossibility of success with sufficient capital, perseverance and the right system of management, both by publisher and editor; stimulated by this conviction he embarked in the enterprise and the result of the first year has proved that his judgment was correct.

It has long ceased to be necessary, or reasonable, that we should speak of the *Columbian* as an experiment. At all events, it is now an experiment substantially tried. We feel ourselves upon as firm a basis as any similar journal in the world. Our principal care now regard not so much the securing what ground we have gained (for we consider this sufficiently secure) as the extension of our sphere of action and utility—not so much, even, the mere enlargement of our subscription list, as the most suitable modes of catering for the amusement (and shall we say occasionally for the profit) of our subscribers in the present and in the future—the many whom we have, and the many more we shall undoubtedly have as time rolls on.

We have made arrangements which will enable us to present our friends with embellishments of very superior taste, style and finish. In this respect it is our firm purpose, if possible, to outvie all competition. Our music and engravings, we confidently believe, will not be equalled—very certainly they shall not be surpassed in real merit by those of any other magazine. We propose to give each month two or more superb engravings, independently of two pages of music, by the most eminent composers, and a plate of authentic fashions.

Regarding the literary and editorial conduct of the *Columbian*, the publisher does not feel called upon to say more than a very few words. The general management of this department is, as heretofore, entrusted to a gentleman possessing every qualification for the task, and who has given abundant evidence, not only of the highest ability to put forth a meritorious magazine, but of the ability to put forth a magazine exactly adapted to the tastes of our readers. The publisher, therefore, has every confidence that what has already been done for the literary value of the journal will be done again. We are perfectly willing that our future in this respect shall be estimated by our past. The subjoined list of those who have furnished articles for the *Columbian* during the by gone year will satisfy, we feel assured, the most fastidious that we are resolute to spare in no particular neither exertion or expense.

Mrs L H Sigourney  
Mrs Kirkland  
Mrs A S Stephens  
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The author of "Summer Frolics"  
J K Paulding  
Wm C Bryant  
Fitz G Halleck  
E A Poe  
John Neal  
Henry W Herbert  
H H Weld  
Park Benjamin  
Wm Cox  
Geo W Kendall  
H S Schoolcraft  
T S Arthur

With the aid of these contributors, (of whom it is needless to say one word in the way of commendation,) and of numerous others perhaps equally meritorious if less celebrated, who have promised us their support, we flatter ourselves that, as a literary work, the *Columbian* need be under no apprehension of being excelled.

But what we have done is already before the public, who will not fail to judge us with impartiality, and in respect to what we intend to do, it will be both wiser and more becoming (although less fashionable) not to boast. We may be permitted to assure our friends in brief however, that we have matured numerous plans (for the third volume) with which we feel confident they will be pleased. It is our purpose to put forth every energy; and it will be no fault of our own if the *Columbian* shall not be found at least equal to any magazine, of any class or price, in America.

DEALERS IN PERIODICALS throughout the United States and the Canada, who wish to become agents for the *Columbian Magazine* will please apply to the publisher immediately. The usual discount will be made to them.

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## Don't I Look Pale?

### Or the Iron God.

Mr. Slick having boasted of the high society he mingled with and talked with the most absurd familiarity, of several distinguished persons, very much to the delight of his father, and the annoyance of Mr. Hopewell, the latter at last interrupted him with some very judicious advice. He told him he had observed the change that had come over him lately with very great regret; that he was altogether in a false position and acting an unnatural and absurd part.

"As a Republican," he said, "it is expected that you should have the simplicity and frankness of manner becoming one, and that your dress should not be that of a courtier, but in keeping with your character. It is well known here that you were not educated at one of our universities, or trained to official life, and that you have risen to it like many others of our countrymen, by strong natural talent. To assume therefore, the air and dress of man of fashion is quite absurd, and if persisted in, will render you perfectly ridiculous. Any little errors you may make in the modes of life will always be passed over in silence so long as you are natural; but the moment they are accompanied by affectation, they become targets for the shafts of satire."

"A little artificial manner may be tolerated in a very pretty woman, because great allowance is to be made for female vanity; but in a man it is altogether insufferable. Let your conversation therefore be natural, and as to the fashion of your dress, take the good old rule—"

"Be not the first by whom the new is tried, nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

In short, be Sam Slick."

"Don't be afraid, Minister," said Mr. Slick. "I have too much tact for that. I shall keep the channel and avoid the bars and shallows, I know. I never boast at all. Brag is a good dog, but hold-fast is a better one. I never talk of society I never was in, nor never saw but once, and that by accident. I have too much sense for that; but I am acutely in the first circles here quite at home in 'em, and in speaking of 'em. I am only talking of folks I meet every day, see every day, and jaw with every day. I am part and parcel of 'em. Now risin' sudden here aint a bit stranger than men risin' with us. It's done every day, for the door is wide open here, the English aint down to stand and vegetate like cabbages. I can tell you it's only colonists like Squire here, that are forced to do that. Why, they'll tell you of a noble whose grandfather was this, and another whose grandfather was that small beer of one who was sired by a man that was born in our old Boston, and another whose great grandfather was a farmer on Kenn-bee river, and if the family had remained colonists would have been snakin' logs with an ox-team for the Bangor mills, instead of being a minister for all the colonies, as he was not long ago. No, catch me a crackin' and a braggin' for nothin', and then tell me of it. I'm not a-goin' to ask every fellow I meet, 'Don't I look pale?' like Solomon Figg, the tailor to St. John, New Brunswick—him they called the 'Iron God.'"

"Oh, oh, Sam!" said Mr. Hopewell, lifting up both hands, that was very profane, don't tell the story if there's any irreverence in it, any flippancy, any thing in short, at all unbecoming. 'That is not a word to be used in vain.'"

"Oh, never fear, Minister, there is nothing in the story to shock you, if there was, I'm not the boy to tell it to any one, much less to you sir."

"Very well, very well, tell the story, then, if it's harmless, but leave that word out when you can, that's a good soul!"

"Solomon Figg was the critter that give rise to that sayin' all over New Brunswick & Nova Scotia, 'Don't I look pale?' and I calculate it never will die there. Whenever they see an important fellow a-struttin' of it by, in a tip top dress, tryin' to do a bit of fine, or hear a critter braggin' of great men's acquaintance, they just puts their finger to their noses, gives a wink to one another, and say, 'Don't I look pale?' Oh it's grand! But I believe I'll begin at the beginnin', and just tell you both stories about Solomon Figg."

"Solomon was a tailor, whose tongue ran as fast as his needle, and for sewin' and takin' perhaps there wasn't his equal to be found nowhere. His shop was a great rendezvous for folks to talk politics in, and Solomon was an out and out Radical. They are ungrateful skunks are English Radicals, and ingratitude shows a bad heart; and in my opinion to say a fellow's a Radical, is as much as to say he's everything that's bad. I'll tell what's observed all over England, that them that make a fortune out of gentlemen, as soon as they shut up shop, turn round, and become Radicals and oppose them. Radicalism is like that Dutch word Spitzbuck. It's every thing bad biled down to an essence. Well, Solomon was a Radical—he was agin the Church, because he had no say in the appointment of the parsons, and couldn't bully them. He was agin lawyers 'cause they took fees from him when they sued him. He was agin judges 'cause they rode their circuits and didn't walk. He was agin the governor 'cause the governor didn't ask him to dine. He was agin the admiral 'cause pursers had ready made clothing for sailors, and didn't buy them at his shop. He was agin the army 'cause his wife ran off with a soldier—the only good reason he ever had in his life; in short, he was agin every thing and every body."

"Well, Solomon's day came at last, for every dog has his day in this world. Responsible government came, things got turned upside down, and Solomon turned up and was made a magistrate of. Well, there was a Carolina refugee, one Captain Nestor Biggs, lived near him, an awful feller to swear, most of those refugees were so and he feared neither God nor man."

"He was a sneezer of a sinner, was Captain Nestor, and always in law for everlastin'!" He spent his whole pension in Court, folks said. Nestor went to Solomon and told him to issue a writ agin a man. It was Solomon's first writ, so he said to himself, 'I'll write fast I sue; I writin' the civil, and then I can charge for letter and writ too; and I'm always civil when I'm paid for it. Mother did right to call me Solomon, didn't she? Well, he wrote the letter, and the man that got it didn't know what under the sun to make of it. This was the letter—"

"Sir, if you do not return to Captain Nestor Biggs, the Iron God of his, now in your possession, I shall sue you. You is the word."

Given under my hand, Solomon Figg, one of her most gracious Majesty's Justices of the Peace in and for the County of St. John."

"Radicals are great hands for all the honors themselves, tho' they won't ginn none to others. 'Well,' said the man to himself, 'what on airth does this mean?' So off he goes to the church parson to read it for him."

"Dear me," said he, "this is awful; what is this? I by itself, I—ro—Iron, G—d—God. Yes, it is Iron God!—Have you got such a graven image?"

"Me!" said the man, "no; I never heard of such a thing."

"Dear, dear," said the parson, "I always knew the Captain was a wicked man, a horrid wicked man, but I didn't think he was an idolater. I thought he was too sinful to worship anything, even an iron idol. What times we live in, let's go to the Captain."

"Well, off they set to the Captain, and when he heard of this graven image, he swore and raved—so the parson put a finger in each ear, and ran round the room, screamin' like a stuck pig. 'I'll tell you what it is, old boy,' said the Captain, 'a-rippen out some most awful smashers, if you go on kickin' up such a row here, I'll stop your wind for you double-cross, so no mummery, if you please. Come along with me to that seconded, Solomon Figg, and I'll make him go down on his knees, and beg pardon. What the mischief does he mean by talkin' of iron idols, I want to know!'"

"Well, they went into Solomon's house, and Solomon, who was sitting straddle-legs on a counter, a-savin' away for all life, jumps down in a minute, on shoes and coat, and shows 'em into his office, which was just opposite to his shop. 'Read that,' said the Captain, lookin' as fierce as a tiger, 'read that, you everlasting radical seconded! I did you write that infamous letter?' Solomon takes it, and reads it all over, and then hands it back, lookin' as wise as an owl. 'It's all right,' said he. 'Right,' said the Captain, and caught him by the throat. 'What do you mean by my Iron God, sir? what do you mean by that infernal libellin', rebel rascal?' 'I never said it,' said Solomon. 'No, you never said it, but you wrote it.' 'I never wrote it; no, nor I never heard of it.' 'Look at these words,' said the Captain, 'did you write them?' 'Well, well,' said Solomon, 'they do spell alike, too, don't they? They are the identical same letters, G—d, dog; I have spelt it backwards, that's all; it's the iron dog, Captain; you know what that is—don't you, Squire; it's an iron wedge sharpened at one end, and havin' a ring in it at t'other.' 'It's drove into the butt end of a log, an' a chain is hooked to the ring, and the cattle drag the log end-ways by it on the ground, it is called an iron dog.' Oh, how the Captain swore!"

"Well," said the Minister, "never mind repeating his oath; he must have been an ignorant magistrate indeed, not to be able to spell dog."

"He was a Radical magistrate of the Jack Frost school, sir," said Mr. Slick. "The Liberals have made magistrates to England not a bit better nor Solomon, I can tell you. Well, they always called him after that the Iron God."

"Never mind what they called him," said Mr. Hopewell; "but what is the story of looking pale, for there is a kind of something in that last one that I don't exactly like. There are words in it that shock me; if you could tell the story without them, it is not a bad story; tell us the other part."

"Well, you know, as I was a-sayin', when responsible government came to the Colonies, it was like the Reform bill to England, stirrin' up the pot, and a-settin' all a-fermentin', set a good deal of seum a floatin' on the top of it. Among the rest, Solomon, being light and frothy, was about as buoyant as any. When the House of Assembly met to Frederickton, up goes Solomon, and writes his name on the book at Government House—Solomon Figg, J. P. Down comes the Sargent with a card, quick as wink, for the Governor's ball that night. Solomon wasn't a bad lookin' feller at all; and bein' a tailor, in course he had his clothes well made; and take him all together, he was just a little nearer the notch than one half of the members was, for most on 'em was from the country, and looked a nation sight more like Caraboots than legislators; and the nobles about Frederickton always called them Caraboots."

"Well, his tongue wagged about the limberest you ever see; his head was turned, so he talked to every one; and at supper he ate and drank as if he never seen vitals afore since he was weaned. He made a great night of it. Our Consul told me he thought he should have died a-larin' to see him; he talked about the skirts of the country, and the fork of the river, and button-hole connections, and hain't his stomach well, and bastin' the Yankees, and every thing but cabbaging. No man ever heard a tailor use that word, any more than they ever see a Jew eat pork. Oh! he had a regular lark of it, and his tongue ran like a mill-wheel, whirlin' and sputterin' like any thing. The officers of the — regiment that was stationed there took him for a member of Assembly, and sein' he was a character, had him up to the mess to dine next day. 'Solomon was as amazed as if he was jist born. 'Heavens and airth!' said he, 'responsible government is a great thing, too, ain't it? Here am I to Government House with all the big bugs and their ladies, and upper crust folks, as free and easy as an old dog. To-day I dine with the officers of the — regiment, the most aristocratic regiment we ever had in the Province. I'd rather wear a red coat than make one any time. There is certain, if responsible government lasts long, we shall all rise to be gentlemen, or else all gentlemen must come down to the level of tailors, and no mistake; one coat will fit both. Dinin' at a mess, eh? Well, why not? I can say as good a coat as Buckmaster any day.'"

"Well, Solomon was rather dandered at first by the number of servants, and the blaze of uniform coats, and the horrid difficult cookery; but champagne strengthened his eyesight, for every one took wine with him, till he saw so clear he strained his eyes; for they grew weaker and weaker after the right focus was passed, till he saw things double. After dinner they adjourned into the barrack-room of one of the officers, and there they had a game of 'Here comes I, Jack upon hips.'"

"The youngsters put Solomon, who had a famous long back, jist at the right distance, and then managed to jump jist so as to come right on him, and they all jumped on him, and down he'd smash with the weight; then they'd banter him for not bein' game, place him up agin in line, jump on him, and smash him down agin till he could not hold out no longer. Then came hot whiskey toddy, and some screechin' songs; and Solomon sung, and the officers went into fits, for he sung such splendid songs; and then his health was drunk, and Solomon made a speech. He said, 'tho' he had a stitch in the side from laughin', and was scared up a most too much to speak, and was afraid he'd rip out what he hadn't ought, yet their kindness had tied him as with list to them for the remnant of his life, and years would never sponge it out of his heart.'"

"They roared and cheered him so, a kinder confusin' him, for he couldn't recollect nothin' after that, nor how he got to the inn; but the waiter told him four soldiers carried him in on a shutter. Next day, off Solomon started in the steam boat for St. John. The officers had took him for a member of Assembly, and axed him jist to take a rise out of him. When they learned the mistake, and that it was ready-made Figg, the tailor, they had been makin' free with, they did not think it was half so good a joke as it was afore for they seed one half of the lark was agin them, and only t'other half agin Solomon. They never tell the story now, but Solomon did and still does, like a favorite air with variations. As soon as he got back to St. John, he went about to every one he knew, and said, 'Don't I look pale?' 'Why no, I can't say you do.' 'Well, I feel used up enough to look so, I can tell you. I'm ashamed to say I've been horrid dissipated lately. I was at Government House night before last.'"

"'You at Government House?' 'No! to be sure; is there anything strange in that, seeing that the family compact is gone, the Frederickton clique broke up, and 'sponsible governments come? Yes, I was to Government House—it was such an agreeable party; I believe I staid too late, and made too free at supper, for I had a headache next day. Sad dogs them officers of the — regiment; they are too gay for me. I dined there yesterday at their mess; a glorious day we had of it—free and easy—all gentlemen—no plaguy starch airs, stickin' themselves up for gentlemen, but rael good fellers. I should have gone home arter mess, but there's no gettin' away from such good company. They wouldn't take no for an answer nothin' must serve them but I must go to Captain —'s room. 'Pon honor, 'twas a charming night. Jack upon hips—whisky speeches, songs and whisky agin, till I could hardly reach home. Fine fellers those of the — regiment, capital fellers; no nonsense about them; had their shell jackets on; a stylish thing them shell jackets, and not so formal as full dress nother. What a nice feller Lord Fetter Lane is; easy excited, a thimble full does it, but it makes him as sharp as a needle.'"

"Then he'd go on till he met another friend; he'd put on a doleful face, and say, 'Don't I look pale?' 'Well, I think you do; what's the matter?' and then he'd up and tell the whole story, till it got to be a by-word. Whenever any one sees a feller now a-doin' big, or a-takin' big, they always say, 'Don't I look pale?' as ready-made Figg said."

"Now, Minister, I am not like Solomon, I've not been vexed by mistake, I'm not talkin' of what I don't know; so don't be afraid, every one knows me; I ate necessary for me, when I go among the toploftiest of the nation, to run about town the next day, sayin' to every man I meet, 'Don't I look pale?'"

## A Watchman of the Olden Time.

With scarcely breath to do common credit to her powers of scolding, she drew up at a watch-box, and addressed herself to the peaceful man within. "Why, watch, here! a pretty fellow! People pay rates, and—watch, watch! there's a dead woman; dead, I tell you, watch, pay rate, and are let to die, and—watch, watch, watch!" And still she screamed, and at length clawed at and shook the modest wooden tenement which, in those happy but not distant days of England, sheltered England's civil guardians. The watchman was coiled up for unbroken repose. He had evidently settled the matter with himself to sleep until called to breakfast by the tradesman who, at the corner post, spread his hospitable table for the early way-farers who loved saloop. Besides, the watchman was at least sixty-five years old. Twenty years he had been guardian of the public peace, and he knew, no one better, that on such a night even robbery would take a holiday, forgetting the cares and profits of business in comfortable blankets. With such assurance, the watchman had extinguished his head with his arms, had crossed his legs, and knotted his arms, with a premeditation that nothing short of an earthquake, or the saloop, should wake him. But then the watchman dreamt not of the vigor, the perseverance of the assailant, who still screamed at him, still shook his modest bedroom. At length, but slowly, did the watchman answer the summons. Like an awakening snake, he gradually uncoiled himself, and whilst the woman's tongue rang like a bell, he calmly pushed up his hat, and, opening his two small, swinish eyes, looked at the intruder, but saw her not.

"How the time's past! Well, Master Grub," for the watchman thought only of the saloop merchant, "you may bring the stuff here. And this morning, I think, I'll take to-st."

"This said, the speaker dashed forward his arms through his box so suddenly, so vigorously, that the woman screamed anew as she jumped aside. But the watchman had no such unmanly thought. No; all he contemplated was a hearty yawn, which, with his arms, legs, head, and shoulders, he took so sufficiently, that his watch-box reverberated like the cave of some carnivorous, full-gorged beast. "Well! after that I hope you are awake, and after that —" "What's the matter?" asked the watchman, feeling that the hour of saloop was not arrived, and suitably shaking himself at the disappointment. "What's the matter?" "The matter! Poppy head!" and the woman was proceeding in her invective, when the functionary observed, "Any more of your bad language, and I shall lock you up." And this he said with quite the air of a man who keeps his word. "There's a woman frozen to death," cried the disturber of the watchman's peace, at once violently coming to the object of her mission. "That was last night," said the watchman, with a slight, supplementary yawn. "I tell you, to-

night, man, to-night. She's on a door-step, there," and the woman pointed down the street. "I should like to know what we pay you watchmen for, if poor creatures are to drop down dead with cold on the highway." The watchman lifted his lantern to the face of the speaker. It was a frank, lively, good-humored face, with about five-and-thirty years lightly laid upon it, and closing one eye, as if the act gave peculiar significance to what he said, observed, syllable by syllable, "Any more of your impudence, and—here he took an oath, solemnizing it with a smart blow of his stick upon the pavement, "and I'll lock you up." The woman asked something; but the words were lost, ground by the watchman's rattle which, with consummate excellence, the golden fruit of painful practice, he whirled about. As cricket answers cricket, the rattle found a response. Along the street the sound was caught up, prolonged, and carried forward; and small bye-lanes gave forth a wooden voice, a voice that cried to all the rounded streets, "Justice is awake!" And then lantern after lantern glimmered in the night; one lantern advanced with a sober, a considerate pace; another, with a sort of flutter; another, dancing like a jack-o'-lantern over the snow. And so, lantern after lantern, with watchmen behind them, came and clustered about the box.—*Jerrild's Shilling Magazine.*